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THE LITERARY WEEK 121

REVIEWS.

The Medieval Stage 125
A History of American Literature 126
Stevensoniana 128
Victoria, Queen and Ruler 128

SHORT NOTICES:

Essays in Buff—Northern Lyrics 129

FICTION:

The House on the Sands—More Kin than Kind 130

Notes on the Week's Novels 130

ARTICLES.

A STUDY IN DIFFERENCE 131
The Phrase-Book 132
American Transcendentalism 133
Impressions—Withdrawn 134

DRAMA:

In August. E. K. Chambers 135

ART:

A Craftsman who Wrote. C. L. H. 135

SCIENCE:

Comets. C. W. Saleeby 137

CORRESPONDENCE:

The "Memoirs of Grimaldi" 137

WEEKLY COMPETITION:

Verses in Praise of Rain 138

The Literary Week.

PREPARATIONS for the coming publishing season are now going actively forward, but below this activity there is a simmering of disquieting possibilities. If there should happen to be a General Election in the autumn the book trade will seriously suffer, for a General Election tolls the knell of a book season; when people are running wild over politics the quiet appeal of a book has to give way before the urgent appeal of the newspapers. And publishers have very much in their minds at present the question which a preferential tariff would involve. A great deal of paper comes to us from abroad; if this were taxed our home-made paper would instantly go up in price. The adjustment of the burden between publishers and book buyers might be difficult and embarrassing.

WE deeply regret to have to record the death, after a lingering illness, of Mr. Phil May. His career was not a long one, he was but nine-and-thirty when he died, and his later years were shadowed both by the consumption which claimed him as victim, and the consequences of his irregular, Bohemian way of life. But in the ten years or so which saw him at his best he accomplished an amazing quantity of work which may rightly be called inimitable, though many tried to imitate it. He was born at Leeds, the son of an engineer, and never received more than the rudiments of education. At twelve years of age he was making sketches for the Leeds theatre bills; a few years later he came to London, and as he afterwards said, lived the life of a street cat, nearly dying of starvation. The "St. Stephen's Review" gave him some work, and presently he went to Australia and made a name as an artist on the "Sydney Bulletin." By 1890 he was back in London, with a considerable reputation which had preceded him. His days of penury were over, and he could take his pick of work. The "St. Stephen's Review," the "Graphic," the "Pall Mall Budget," the "Sketch"

competed for his drawings, and finally, when his powers began to wane, "Punch" discovered him, while year by year "Phil May's Annual" and "Phil May's Sketch-book" have been the delight of both public and artists.

CARELESS to the point of recklessness as he was in all other matters, in his art he was rigidly conscientious. Only artists can realise the labour necessary to produce the easy, unerring dash of line that expressed so much. And Phil May had to teach himself. The zenith of his power was reached in 1894, and at the time when he was contributing weekly to the "Pall Mall Budget" and sometimes getting as much as £30 for a single drawing, we remember watching the toilsome method, Phil May's own, which resulted in such an amazing appearance of ease. He would first make the most careful drawing, with every detail filled in. Then over the whole he would place a thin sheet of tissue paper, and having seen what was necessary to the purpose and what could be omitted, he began the process of elimination. Any elaboration was finally confined to a single point in the picture; for May's theory was that when you looked, say, at a man's face, you saw but that single point in detail, the rest was but a dash of line.

THE trouble between authors and their illustrators is an old one, and it is often difficult to apportion the blame. Sometimes the author is so vague that the illustrator has to fall back upon his own imagination, in which case he is almost certain to enrage the author; sometimes the author is so precise and detailed in a description that the unfortunate illustrator is at his wits' end to know what to leave in and what to leave out. And there always comes in the author's conception of a character, which he has rendered according to his lights, and the illustrator's, which he has to render definitely in a wholly different medium. When Tennyson saw one of Holman Hunt's drawings for "The Lady of Shalott" he said: "But my dear Hunt, I never said that the young woman's hair was blowing all over the shop." To which Hunt replied: "No, but you never said it wasn't." The only reasonable course is for author and illustrator to meet and talk things over.

ONE would scarcely hope to-day to be presented with a poem of William Blake's hitherto unknown. But such a find is disclosed in the August number of the "Monthly Review." In a prefatory note Mr. W. M. Rossetti describes the original as a manuscript occupying six pages of full-sized note paper, which was given to him several years ago as being in the handwriting of William Blake; and not only Mr. Rossetti, but Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. John Sampson affirm that both style and calligraphy are those of Blake. Thus Mr. Rossetti continues:—

The date when this poem came into my hands may have been towards 1876: I do not at all think that I knew of it in 1873, when I was compiling the Aldine edition of "Blake's Poems," and consequently the question as to publishing it or not in that volume did not arise. I should hardly have been minded to exclude it; for, apart from the question of absolute merit, the work is curious, and (in relation to Blake's range of ideas) even important, and it has a fair share of his wonted energy of tone.

The composition, I should explain, is, so far as the form of handwriting goes, written in the shape of prose: but it is indisputably verse—lines in correct decasyllabic and other metre, intermixed with a few which cannot be reduced to regular scansion. If any confirmation were needed of the fact that Blake would not revolt from the writing of verse under the guise of prose, this is supplied by another half-sheet of his MS., which reached me at the same time: for here he has written out, as prose, the six lines of Shakespearean rhymed verse which begins, "Orpheus with his lute made trees."

THE verse written as prose thus forms a valuable piece of evidence as to authenticity. Of the poem—which is obviously, from the opening stanza, but a fragment—the opening is this:—

Then she bore pale Desire,
Father of Curiosity, a virgin ever young;
And after leaden Sloth,
From whom came Ignorance, who brought forth Wonder.
These are the Gods which come from Fear
(For Gods like these nor male nor female are,
But single pregnate, or, if they list,
Together mingling bring forth mighty Powers).
She knew them not; yet they all war with Shame,
And strengthen her weak arm.

There are two lines here which irresistibly recall Milton's lines in Book I. of "Paradise Lost":—

... for spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure;
Nor tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aery purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.

A WRITER in "Scribner's," discussing the reasons for the popularity of certain books, comes to the astrological conclusion that the stars in their courses must fight for them, and he asks whether it would be wise to take refuge in that theory. It should be possible, he thinks, to analyse some of these mysterious cases and discover the laws which underlie them. We have reduced panics and emotional excitement to scientific terms, and the psychology of the average reader would seem to present an alluring study for some enquiring mind. We suspect that the psychology of the average novel has more to do with its success than anything the stars have to say in the matter; and, as a rule, it is the very average novel which sells in cartloads.

"A. E." CONTRIBUTES to the New York "Reader" a note on the poetry of Mr. W. B. Yeats. It is always interesting to hear a poet on a poet, particularly when both are of one

nation and one period. "A. E." says: "I confess I have feared to enter or linger too long in the many-coloured land of Druid twilights and runes. A beauty not our own, more perfect than we ourselves conceive is a danger to the imagination." That land of Druid twilight and rune is Mr. Yeats's particular desire and inspiration, but his critic, or rather his appreciator, finds it too remote for his personal needs:—

I am too often tempted to wander with Usheen in Tirnanog and to forget my own heart and its more rarely accorded vision of truth. I know I like my own heart best, but I never look into the world of my friend without feeling that my region lies in the temperate zone and is near the Arctic circle; the flowers grow more rarely and are paler, and the struggle for existence is keener.

A little later the writer says:—

I am interested more in life than in the shadows of life, and as Ildathach grows fainter I await eagerly the revelation of the real nature of one who has built so many mansions in the heavens. The poet has concealed himself under the embroidered cloths and has moved in secretness, and only at rare times, as when he says "A pity beyond all telling is hid in the heart of love" do we find a love which is not the love of the Sidhe; and more rarely still do recognizable human figures, like the Old Pensioner or Moll Magee, meet us. All the rest are from another world and are survivals of the proud and golden races who move with the old stateliness and an added sorrow for the dark age which breaks in upon their loveliness.

In a word Mr. Yeats's world is a world outside and beyond that which is. It is beautiful, and mildly sad, a world of spirit and of dreams.

OXFORD undergraduates probably are still quoting to one another the traditional stanza, as they study their Herodotus:—

The priests of Egypt humbugged you,
A thing not very hard to do;
But d—d if you shall humbug us
Herodotus! Herodotus!

But religion and literature are justified, the Egyptian priests and Herodotus are vindicated. And in the "New Liberal Review" we find Karl Blind writing on "a fair-haired race in Ancient Egypt," such as was described to Herodotus by the Egyptian priests from tradition, and discredited by most people except Herodotus and Mr. Blind. But recently absolute proof of the former existence of such a people in Egypt has been supplied by the discovery of a reddish-haired corpse (not a mummy) at least 8,000 years old and probably older. It has been for some months in the British Museum. Mr. Blind has the right to claim his triumph in the article wherein he traces the consequences of this newly-established fact which he has long laboured to prove. For "the discovery made shows that there was once in Egypt—before the incoming of its later, pyramid-building inhabitants—an aboriginal Thracian people, allied by blood to the Trojans. This vast Thracian nation, extending all over Eastern Europe and Western Asia Minor, reached even into North Africa. It had close contact, in consanguinity as well as in speech, with the Teutonic and Scandinavian stock; therefore also with Englishmen and their descendants in America." This is by no means the first time that Herodotus has deceived us by his simplicity into incredulity, and been proved right by later discoveries.

THE Bill to amend the law of copyright—which now gives protection for "forty-two years from publication or till seven years from the death of the author, whichever shall be longest," was mentioned by the King in his first speech from the Throne; but another session has passed without further action. Authors of the present day are,

as the "Publisher's Circular" points out, less active in the interests of copyright than they were in the middle of the last century. Among those that petitioned the House of Commons were Dr. Arnold, Dr. Thomson, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Thomas Hood, and Thomas Campbell. A delightfully personal note sounds in some of the individual appeals. Carlyle, having set forth that if he succeeded in writing a "genuine and enduring book," his desert would be "not easily estimable in money," continues:—

May it, therefore, please your honourable House to protect him in said happy and long doubtful event, and (by passing your Copyright Bill) forbid all Thomas Teggs, and other extraneous persons, entirely unconcerned in this adventure of his, to steal from his small winnings for a space of sixty years at shortest. After sixty years, unless your honourable House provide otherwise, they may begin to steal.

Hood's petition was considered too full of jokes to be presented to the House; but it was characteristic:—

That your petitioner is very willing to write for posterity on the lowest terms, and would not object to the long credit, but that when his heir shall apply for payment to posterity he will be referred back to antiquity.

That a man's hairs belong to his head, so his head should belong to his heirs—whereas, on the contrary, your petitioner hath ascertained, by a nice calculation, that one of his principal copyrights will expire on the same day that his only son should come of age. The very law of nature protests against an unnatural law which compels an author to write for anybody's posterity except his own.

The "Publisher's Circular," from experience of the hardships inflicted on the heirs of authors, concludes that copyright ought to be extended to at least twenty-five years after the death of the author.

"THE TIMES" has reasonable cause for complaint in the appearance of a publication, now being offered for sale, and headed "Popular Reprints of 'The Times' and other early English Newspapers and Historical Documents," and the following warning is issued from Printing House Square:—

So far as regards the alleged reprints of "The Times" we think it necessary to state that they are in no sense what they profess to be.

As an instance we may quote the alleged reprint of "The Times" of June 22, 1815. "The Times" of that date cost 6d.; it consisted of four pages, measuring 22 by 15½ inches; each page of five columns. Of the 20 columns 7½ were devoted to news and 12½ to 232 advertisements. The alleged reprint gives the price incorrectly at 6d.; it consists of four pages, measuring 18 by 11½ inches, each page of four columns—making 16 instead of 20 columns in all. Of the 232 advertisements, occupying 12½ columns, in the original, 75 advertisements are reproduced and made to fill 6½ columns. Of the 7½ columns news, 4½ columns are reproduced and made to fill 9½ columns.

As an instance of the intelligence with which these alleged reprints have been compiled we may mention that the number of January 1, 1788, has the imprint (in the wrong place) as printed at the Lithographic Press. Lithography was invented about 1796.

ANOTHER quarrel has been raging between the dramatic critic and the actor-manager, and again it is Mr. Bouchier who is the offended actor. He complains of being "violently attacked by the Press" with regard to the one-act play "The Soothing System," the scene of which is laid in a lunatic asylum. "I am assailed for representing malady on the stage," writes Mr. Bouchier to the papers. "Very well. Do I understand we are not to have Dick Helder in 'The Light that Failed,' or 'The Two Orphans' (which contains a cripple and a blind girl), or Ophelia, or King Lear, or Caliban, or Quasimodo, nor a Coupeau in 'Drink'?" So far as Coupeau is concerned that is precisely what we should like Mr. Bouchier to understand.

FROM the various "flutterings of Fleet Street" Mr. Bouchier deduces the following rules for the actor-manager who wants to become a "Press pet":—

- i. Not to endeavour to successfully manage a West-end theatre;
- ii. Not to attempt to faithfully depict life as it is;
- iii. Never to dare to write or adapt one's own plays; and
- iv. Most certainly never to stand by a dramatic author when he claims one's protection from the personalities of any critic.

This is, of course, pure nonsense. In common with so many other actors who depend for their living on their personality, Mr. Bouchier will not understand that the critic cannot "attack" the play as produced without "attacking" the player. And how pleased the actor would be if the critic succeeded in praising the play without mentioning the player!

THE book of reminiscences, "From Journalist to Judge," which Judge Condé Williams is about to publish with Mr. George A. Morton, promises some amusing stories. Judge Condé Williams served under M. de Blowitz on "The Times" staff. Here is a de Blowitz anecdote:—

He strongly objected to the idea that "The Times" possessed any representative in Paris save himself, but he was at the mercy of the other two of us for his English. And when on one occasion, wishing to use our press ticket for the tribune at Longchamps for some purpose of his own, he told me that he would take my Sunday's duty as racing reporter upon himself, the result was disastrous. For the eminent one confused the names of the progenitors of the competing steeds with those of their jockeys, and wired the winners to our esteemed journal as having been ridden by their own sires!

THIS month's "Bookman" is mainly devoted to Henrik Ibsen, and besides several interesting articles on him, notably one by Jessie Bröchner, we have pictures and photographs illustrating his life, from the time when as an apothecary's apprentice at Grimstad he "walked about like a mystery sealed with seven seals." We have Ibsen as a young man with mutton-chop whiskers, Ibsen at thirty with full beard and moustache, and a splendid photograph of him as we know him, sitting with rugged face framed with white hair in his café. Ibsen has himself said, however, that he did not go to a café to drink beer (or *pijotter*), he went to work, to "digte." And Miss Bröchner gives an instance of Ibsen's absorption in his characters which became to him as real persons. A friend once asked him how he came to call the heroine of "A Doll's House" Nora. "You know," answered Ibsen confidently, "that she was really called Leonore, but she was the pet of the family and they all called her Nora!"

WE are glad to hear that a new Life of Robert Stephen Hawker is to be published by Mr. Lane. Two biographies of Hawker already exist, one by Mr. Baring-Gould, the other by Mr. Lee, but neither was entirely satisfactory. Hawker's latest biographer has collected a considerable amount of fresh material, which includes a letter describing Tennyson's visit to the delectable Duchy. It would be interesting to discover to what extent Hawker's verse is really read nowadays.

WE are sorry to have to record that Mr. William Watson is having trouble with his eyes, and has been compelled to undergo a course of skilled treatment. He is now at Bristol under the care of Dr. Richardson Cross, who was High Sheriff of the city last year, and during the past two decades has raised Bristol to the front rank in ocular science.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC's latest article in the "Pilot" on the poets of the French Renaissance deals with Ronsard, the flower and crown of the Pleiade. Ronsard was master and king of that wonderful seven; he was absolute poet by a kind of simple and divine inspiration. Mr. Belloc writes of him:—

He had that power which our anæmic age can hardly comprehend, of writing, writing, writing, without fear of exhaustion, without irritability of self-criticism, without danger of comparing the better with the worse. Five great volumes of small print, all good: men of that fecundity never write the really paltry things—all good, and most of it glorious; some of it on the level which only the great poets reach here and there. It is in reading this man who rhymed unceasingly for forty years, who made of poetry an occupation as well as a glory, and who let it fill the whole of his life, that one feels how much such creative power has to do with the value of verse.

But Ronsard was not only a leader in verse, he was a leader of, a profound believer in, the religion of his fathers. Both he and Du Bellay were priests, and when Ronsard came to die he called the community of which he was Superior about him and made a noble confession of faith. That confession Mr. Belloc has admirably translated: it concludes with these words:—

Of all vanities, the loveliest and most praiseworthy is glory—fame. No one of my time has been so filled with it as I; I have lived in it, and loved and triumphed in it through time past, and now I leave it to my country to garner and possess it after I shall die. So do I go away from my own place as satiated with the glory of this world as I am hungry and all longing for that of God.

Nothing in Ronsard's life was finer than its ending.

Bibliographical.

MUCH interest attaches to the announcement of a reprint of Larocheffoucauld's "Moral Reflections and Maxims," as translated by Dean Stanhope, and now edited by Mr. G. H. Powell. Mr. Powell will no doubt give us the full history of that translation, which is ignored by the writer of the notice of the Dean in the "Dictionary of National Biography." The Dean was a diligent translator, but Larocheffoucauld's cynical sentences were queer material for an ecclesiastic to exercise his linguistic powers upon. The version appears to have been first published in 1706, a year which saw yet another version. Very much in vogue were the translated "Reflections and Maxims" in those days, for there is record of editions of them in 1749, 1775, 1781, 1791, 1795, and so forth. Larocheffoucauld's first English translator was, apparently, Mistress Aphra Behn, who called her version "Seneca Unmasked." Then there was a translation in 1694. Of recent years there have been the versions by Lieut.-Col. A. S. Bolton (1884) and L. Winter (1885). The translation issued in the "Bayard Series" in 1871 was very popular for a time, and did much to make the "Maxims" known among us. Perhaps the most singular incident in the history of the "Maxims" in England is the fact that in 1799 somebody published a translation of them into English verse.

Other forthcoming reprints will take the form of reproductions of Cowley's Essays, Vaughan's Poems, the

verse of "The Anti-Jacobin," "Rejected Addresses," and Wordsworth and Coleridge's "Lyrical Ballads." The last-named, it will be remembered, was edited, somewhat elaborately, by Mr. T. Hutchinson, and published by Messrs. Duckworth five years ago. A cheaper edition will of course be welcome. The "Rejected Addresses" appeared in Messrs. Routledge's "Pocket Library" in 1888 and 1894. Of "The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin," as edited by Mr. C. Edmunds, there was a new edition in 1890. Vaughan, of course, has often been reproduced of late—fully by Mr. E. K. Chambers in "The Muses' Library" (1896), the "Sacred Poems" being published by Hacon in 1897, and "Golden Thoughts from Henry Vaughan" in 1901. The Essays of Cowley have been much less hackneyed, their latest appearance being in the Prose Works issued by the Pitt Press in 1887. In 1886 Messrs. Cassell included the Essays in their cheap "National Library."

Among promised biographies are those of two very different persons—Novalis and the Rev. S. J. Stone. The former is to be described to us as "the man and the writer," and there are to be selections from his works. It is not so very long—just a dozen years—since we had, from M. J. Hope, a book on the "Life, Thoughts, and Works" of Novalis, which had been preceded in 1888 by a volume of Novalis' "Hymns and Thoughts on Religion," translated for us by W. Hastie. In the case of the Rev. S. J. Stone, the biographer will till virgin soil. He will give us "Memorials" of Mr. Stone, who deserves to be remembered not only as the author of vigorous and popular hymns, but as a minor poet of some delicacy and refinement. One has pleasant recollections of "The Knight of Intercession and Other Poems," of which there was an edition so recently as 1887, and also of "Lays of Iona and Other Poems" (1897). A collection of sermons by Mr. Stone appeared in 1901.

Mr. Fisher Unwin having decided to issue a selection from Dryden's dramas, nothing could well be more appropriate than that Prof. Saintsbury should be chosen to edit the work. For this is a matter in which Mr. Saintsbury is an expert, inasmuch as in 1881 he contributed to the "English Men of Letters" series a monograph on Dryden, and inasmuch as, in the following year, he began his issue of an edition of Dryden's works based upon that supervised by Sir Walter Scott. That issue ran into a good many volumes, and its publication was not concluded until 1893.

Many will look forward with interest to the volume of "The Praise of Shakespeare" which is promised us by Mr. C. E. Hughes. The surprising thing is that such an anthology has not been made before. We have had, of course, Dr. Ingleby's "Centurie of Praise," and one remembers that there are over 20 pages of "the praise of Shakespeare" in the anthology called "The Poets' Praise" which appeared in 1894. In each of these cases, however, the praise is embodied in verse, and I presume that Mr. Hughes includes prose in his scheme. If he does, he of course greatly increases his labours, and is met by the difficulty of getting representative matter into a reasonable space.

Reprints of "The Wealth of Nations" are sure to be pretty numerous in the immediate future. Mr. E. Cannan, who is to edit one of them, has already shown his interest in Adam Smith by editing his "Lectures on Justice, Police, Revenue, Arms" (1896). Of late years the "Wealth" has been issued in handy forms by Messrs. Ward and Lock (1891) and Messrs. Routledge (1894 and 1898). "Chapters and Passages" from it were brought out by Messrs. Macmillan in 1895.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Drama in the Making.

THE MEDIEVAL STAGE. By E. K. Chambers. 2 vols. (Oxford Clarendon Press. 25s.)

"THESE volumes," says Mr. E. K. Chambers in his preface, "are the work, not of a professed student, but of one who only plays at scholarship in the rare intervals of a busy administrative life." If they be the result of "playing at scholarship," it is almost alarming to speculate what might ensue if Mr. Chambers ceased playing and settled down to serious effort. Joking apart, he is a prodigious worker. His watchword is "Thorough," and he acts up to it with the utmost consistency. Yet he is no Dryasdust. He marshals his facts as skilfully as he collects them diligently, and he presents them in an easy, unpretending, attractive style. Never rhetorical, he is always readable, even where his pages are what Johnson might have called inspissated research. If not by actual discovery, at any rate by ingenious and suggestive co-ordination of facts, he has sensibly advanced the boundaries of knowledge. Scholars yet unborn will bless and magnify his name. Some of his conclusions they may revise, but the excellence of his method cannot but make his book permanently helpful.

Yet, as he himself confesses, it is not the book that he set forth to write. It is distant by two removes, indeed, from his original intention, which was to produce a study of the literary and dramatic conditions under which Shakespeare wrote. This design he postponed, because he felt that a necessary preliminary to it was a clear and adequate account of "the origins of play-acting in England and of its development during the Middle Ages." No such account existing, he set himself to supply the want. But even from this second purpose he has been partially diverted by (as he says)—

the inclusion of new interests as, from time to time, they took hold upon him; an interest, for example, in the light-hearted and colored life of those *poverelli* of letters, the minstrel folk; a very deep interest in the track across the ages of certain customs and symbols of rural gaiety which bear with them the inheritance of a remote and ancestral heathenism.

Now it is not to be denied that this "very deep interest," while it has enhanced the substantive value of the book, has to some extent marred its form. It is not the work of art that it might have been if Mr. Chambers had kept his essential purpose more steadily in view. It lacks unity, or rather it possesses a clearly-marked duality. Into the middle of the book he intended to write, Mr. Chambers has sandwiched another book which he wrote, as it were, in spite of himself. In the first eighty-six pages of his work he discusses the extinction of the antique theatre, the survival of the "mimus" or "histrion," his coalescence with the Teutonic "scôp," and the life and repertory of the resultant minstrel class. All this is in the direct line of his enquiry. There is nothing here that is either irrelevant or disproportionate. But can we say as much of the remainder of his first volume—the thirteen chapters, extending to 333 pages, devoted to the consideration of "Folk Drama"? These chapters contain much of Mr. Chambers's most original and interesting work; but, frankly, their relevance to the main enquiry does not seem to justify either the position they hold or the space devoted to them. They form a book in themselves—that is at once their eulogy and their condemnation. They belong, not so much to a history of the mediæval drama in England, as to a study of the element of primitive ritual underlying all drama whatsoever. The facts (or most of them) with which Mr. Chambers here deals ought by rights to have been grouped with the cognate facts in which the history of antique drama takes its rise. It is scarcely a paradox

to say that the interest of the May Game, the Sword Dance, the Mummings' Play, and the Feast of Fools relates back to antiquity rather than forward to modern (that is, renaissance and post-renaissance) drama. The reason indeed is obvious: antique drama is a direct development from primitive ritual, while modern drama is a secondary product, springing on the one hand from the highly sophisticated ritual of the mediæval church, on the other from the antique drama itself, in its final and highly developed literary form. The very existence of Christianity and of Antiquity prevented the pagan rituals, whose survivals Mr. Chambers traces so learnedly and so lovingly, from developing in mediæval Europe, as they had developed in ancient Greece and elsewhere, into organized drama. No doubt the persistence of the stunted, rudimentary folk dramas, alongside of the liturgical and the literary drama, bears witness to a deep-rooted dramatic instinct in the people. But this instinct is a datum that may be taken for granted in almost all cases. The burden of proof rests upon anyone who should maintain its non-existence in a particular race or at a particular period. In the absence of such an instinct, indeed, the liturgical drama would never have come into being, nor would it have been taken up and developed by the burgesses and villagers of mediæval England. But this is a truism which it needed no treatise to expound. For the rest, it is positively surprising how few points of definite contact between the folk drama and the miracles, morals, and interludes, Mr. Chambers, with all his industry, has succeeded in establishing. If his chapters on the folk drama had never been written, their place might have been quite adequately supplied by (perhaps) a dozen additional foot-notes to his chapters on the religious drama and the interludes.

We are not sure, by the way, that in dealing with the folk drama in its recently-surviving forms, Mr. Chambers makes sufficient allowance for the reminiscences of literary drama which cannot but appear in it. The strolling player, in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, penetrated into the veriest hamlets. Playbills are extant to this day bearing the names of villages at which one would suppose it impossible that any theatrical performance could ever have taken place. "Barn-storming," in its most literal sense, was, for at least a century, a common feature in the rural life of England; and literary dramas, degraded, no doubt, into mere "drolls" were to be seen at every fair. Such performances would inevitably be imitated by rustic mummings. In a footnote to his twenty-fourth chapter, Mr. Chambers himself cites some performances at Shropshire wakes of plays which had evidently sifted down from the Elizabethan stage. There is always, then, the possibility that the dramatic element in any folk-play put on record during the past three centuries may be, not an undeveloped germ of drama, but a withered leaf from the great tree.

When Mr. Chambers resumes the main thread of his investigation, in his chapters on the religious drama, his work is as thorough as ever, but we feel that he has used up too much of his space, and is compressing too rigorously. His chapters on the liturgical plays and their secularisation are masterly. Here for the first time in English, so far as we know, are the gradual stages by which the liturgy gave off its "somewhat disconcerting by-product" of drama quite clearly and convincingly traced. These chapters have the interest and beauty of a scientific demonstration. Around one or two nuclei of dramatic action in the Christmas and Easter offices of the Church, we see episode after episode, like the cells of a honeycomb, gradually fall into place, until, conditioned partly by logical and partly by theological necessity, the whole vast structure of the biblical drama, from the Creation to the Day of Judgment, rounds itself off in the space of about three centuries. It is when we come to the chapters which, after all, form the essence of Mr. Chambers's theme—the chapters on English Guild Plays and Parish Plays,

Moralities and Interludes—that we begin to feel the pinch of over-compression. These chapters run to barely 120 pages out of the whole 650 pages of Mr. Chambers's text. The disproportion, however, is not really so great as the figures appear to indicate; for the 120 pages are merely a sort of commentary upon the facts collected in two long appendices upon "Representations of Mediæval Plays" and "Texts of Mediæval Plays and Early Tudor Interludes." Quite invaluable are these appendices. The list of "Representations" in particular, alphabetically arranged under the names of towns and villages, is a boon to all students. Mr. Chambers's work, so far as our examination has gone, is as accurate as it is exhaustive. We have noted only one misprint of any importance in the appendices. In quoting from the interlude of "Thersites" this stage-direction: "Mulciber must have a shop made in the place," Mr. Chambers, oddly enough, substitutes for "shop" the words "sharp sword." Even if a few other slips should be discoverable, they would not appreciably diminish the value of a most laborious piece of work, admirably executed. Nor is there any fault to be found with the commentary on the facts thus brought together, except that it is much too brief. It may almost be said that having written at great length the prolegomena to a history of the mediæval drama in England, and having sedulously collected the materials for the said history, Mr. Chambers has omitted to write the book itself.

Perhaps the summariness of which we complain may be due not merely to "considerations of space," but to a misconception on Mr. Chambers's part of what is really wanted at this stage of his enquiry. His whole work, be it remembered, is preliminary to a study of "the conditions, literary and dramatic, under which Shakespeare wrote." Such a study is greatly needed; for though much has been done towards substituting a historic Shakespeare for the miraculous or purely æsthetic Shakespeare of the past, yet a great deal more remains to do. Now in dealing with Shakespeare and his age, Mr. Chambers would be quite justified in concentrating on conditions, and assuming on his readers' part a general acquaintance with the body of literature to be accounted for. But in dealing with the mediæval drama it is scarcely possible thus to separate the conditions from the body of literature, which, moreover, is little known, and not readily accessible, to the generality of readers. Mr. Chambers may object that we ignore the very title of his book, which is not "The Mediæval Drama," but "The Mediæval Stage." Our point is that the two things cannot profitably be treated apart. Mr. Chambers remarks in his preface that Dr. A. W. Ward and other writers—

while dealing excellently with the mediæval drama as literature, have shown themselves but little curious about the social and economic facts upon which the mediæval drama rested. Yet from a study of such facts, I am sure, any literary history, which does not confine itself solely to the analysis of genius, must make a start.

Very true; but why neglect that most important part of the evidence as to social conditions which lies in the plays themselves? Why look at them entirely from the outside? What we want, and what Mr. Chambers is eminently competent to give us, is a detailed study of the drama as a social institution from its first stirrings in English soil down to the middle of the sixteenth century. We do not want him, of course, to fill in from imagination the gaps in the records, but we do want him to apply the reconstructive imagination which he certainly possesses to the data which he has so carefully and admirably compiled. Especially do we demand a clear and reasoned statement of what the Englishman of the early sixteenth century understood by drama, of the forms of pleasure he was accustomed to find in dramatic representations, and of the methods by which authors and performers alike ministered

to his dramatic instincts. As a matter of fact, instead of becoming more and more detailed as he approaches the Elizabethan Age, Mr. Chambers becomes more and more sketchy. He has left himself all the more to do when he resumes his task.

Let us give an instance. There cannot be a more important moment in the development of the drama, than that which brings the professional actor upon the scene. Mr. Chambers's account of the matter is that when the minstrels found themselves suffering from the competition of miracle-playing amateurs, they took to acting in self-defence. This is plausible, and no doubt in the main correct; but the point needs much more careful demonstration than Mr. Chambers gives it in two and a half pages of text, with a reference to "Appendix E." It is hard to believe that, when the practice of amateur acting was so widespread throughout the country, amateurs of marked talent would not frequently drift into professionalism; and if no evidence of this tendency is forthcoming, its absence should be noted and commented on. Again, much might almost certainly be deduced from a careful examination of texts, as to the different classes of performers for which they were designed. Even if Mr. Chambers eschews such methods, as savouring too much of mere conjecture, we feel sure that a more detailed consideration of the data he has actually collected would lead to more definite results than he has as yet given us. It is needless, surely, to insist on the importance of clearly understanding the social and artistic antecedents of the class to which Shakespeare belonged and on which he depended for the interpretation of his plays.

On two points of detail Mr. Chambers is inclined, we think, to "chercher midi à quatorze heures." One of them is the origin of the word "interlude." He conjectures that "an *interludium* is not a *ludus* in the intervals of something else, but a *ludus* carried on between (*inter*) two or more performers." Even if this theory were historically correct, it would be a point of mere curiosity, for it is pretty evident that the false derivation (if false it be) was that which was commonly associated with the word in the Middle Ages. The fact that miracle-plays are occasionally called interludes is of little importance. In relation to the drama, laxity of nomenclature has always been the rule rather than the exception. We believe that Mr. Chambers might reasonably find in the early appearance of the word "interlude" a strong presumption in favour of the survival of a distinctly dramatic element in the repertory of the minstrels throughout the Middle Ages. The second point on which Mr. Chambers seems inclined to create unnecessary difficulty is the question of the origin of that doubtless puzzling stock-personage, the Vice. We have not seen Prof. Cushman's treatise on the subject, but Prof. Gayley, no mean authority, finds it "fairly conclusive"; and the very flatness with which Mr. Chambers contradicts it seems to indicate a verbal misunderstanding of some sort. If the Vice did not come from the Moralities, however "diabolically he may have changed on the way," the coincidence of his appearance under that name in the Interludes is one of the oddest on record.

American Literature.

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By William P. Trent. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE early history of American Letters is largely a history of narrow sectarianism and dull didacticism. This, no doubt, was inherent in the circumstances of the first colonists, but it is surprising that the old influence, the old hardness, endured for so long. One would have supposed that a new country, a fresh and inspiring outlook, a common object united to a common danger, would have made for sympathy and charity and grace.

But those who sacrificed so much for liberty of conscience would by no means allow it outside the bounds of their own uninspiring belief, so that American literature for several generations was concerned mainly with exploitations of an undesirable heaven and an impossible earth. To this period Prof. Trent devotes more space than it deserves; it would have been enough to take a dozen typical writers and deal with them concisely according to their strict deserts. For, after all, their direct influence upon later literature was small, however great their moral influence may have been upon the conduct of their own time. They hardly represented even a continuity of English tradition, but raised in the wilderness their own cry.

It must, however, be admitted, as Prof. Trent points out, that if New England poetry before Bryant was bad, it was hardly worse than the poetry which the development of English nonconformity produced. No one nowadays takes any account of the work produced by such seventeenth century American verse writers as Governor Bradford, the Rev. William Morell and William Wood, but the first book published in British America deserves a passing mention. This was the "Bay Psalm Book," which was printed at Cambridge, in 1640, by Stephen Daye, who had set up the first printing press in America the year before. Prof. Trent describes the "Bay Psalm Book" as a thing of "surperlative crudity," yet doubtless it served its turn for simple souls. This was the manner of it:—

The Lord's song sing can wes? being
in stranger's land, then let
lose her skill my right hand if I
Jerusalem forget.

But before the publication of this remarkable volume Mrs. Anne Bradstreet had been cultivating the muse and a large family at the same time. She wrote much and ill, though occasionally she rose clearly above her contemporaries, certainly above him who wrote of her:—

Her breast was a brave palace, a Broad-street,
Where all heroic ample thoughts did meet,
Where nature such a tenement had ta'en
The others' souls to hers dwelt in a lane.

But the divine who described the effects of her verse upon his "virgin mind" in these delicious words—

Thus weltering in delight, my virgin mind
Admits a rape

went one better.

The work of the seventeenth century annalists had at least the merit of setting down things as the writers tried to see them, but its value is rather historical and antiquarian than literary. And what is to be said of that horde of divines who preached a difficult heaven and an easy and disastrous hell? They were good men and true, but hard with an almost inexplicable hardness, and, for the most part, dull with an unforgivable dullness. Yet the flower of the sect was great in his way. Of Cotton Mather Prof. Trent writes:—

He represents the culmination of the Brahmin caste, and if most typical and most extravagant are epithets that may consistently be applied to one and the same person, and if, taken together, they may be considered equivalent to greatest, then Cotton Mather is the greatest of seventeenth century New Englanders.

He was a pedant in his teens, he was an egoist always; he was an unattractive lover, yet he married thrice; he had many children and wrote four hundred works. He belonged, says Prof. Trent, to the fastastic school, and adds: "This is much like reigning in Milton's Limbo or else in the realm of Chaos or Old Night" Jonathan Edwards was a finer character, and he occasionally wrote beautifully under the influence of "God-intoxication," but John Woolman appeals to us more strongly than either. Prof. Trent asks why we do not know John Woolman, whom Lamb and Whitman loved, better than Benjamin Franklin, and he finds the answer in Woolman's

lack of mobility: "He would not drink out of silver vessels, and, alas! the great world will not drink out of his earthen one." And there we think that Prof. Trent has just hit the mark.

We have not space to follow our author through his chapter on the transitional writers, but will proceed at once to the development of the novel in America and to the growth of a distinctly national verse. With Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, and William Cullen Bryant a new era began, an era divided from the old by a remarkable advance in outlook and technical skill. Irving was a literary child of the eighteenth century, but he was also a child of his own age, and he brought into American letters an inspiring note from the Mother Country. He had a delicate humour, a true sense of beauty, and a real delight in natural things. But Prof. Trent's enthusiasm carries him too far; we cannot admit that Irving's admirers are justified in "joining his name without apology to those of Goldsmith and Lamb." In no sense can Irving's work be compared with that of those essentially original and plastic minds. To institute such a comparison at all is to do injustice to Irving's quite legitimate though minor reputation.

Of Fenimore Cooper not much nowadays remains to be said. We doubt whether this generation reads him as widely as the last, but his place is assured. Prof. Trent says of certain of his books:—

. . . . with all their looseness of style and construction, they lift the story of adventure into the realms of poetry. . . . Humour and the faculty of giving life to his characters at will he did not possess, hence he must rank below the greatest masters of his craft; but this is not to say that he deserves the sneers or the patronage of the persons who turn him over to their boys in apparent ignorance of the fact that the admiration of unsophisticated minds is one of the best tests of large and wholesome literary excellence.

Perhaps there was some need for this defence of Cooper; at any rate we are glad enough to hear him praised once more. He wrote far too much, but at his best he deserved the praise which Balzac gave him, and though he hardly originated a movement in fiction he came nearer than any other writer to producing an epic of the settlement of America. He was not a great literary artist; he was rather of the school of Scott and Dumas, the school that produces endless work out of an inexhaustible vitality. Nor was he without the didacticism and wrong-headedness of his predecessors; he would preach at the wrong moment and be serenely unaware that he was on the wrong tack. But he remains amongst the largest and sincerest men of letters whom America has produced.

The most vital period in American literature extends from about 1830 over the succeeding forty years. The Revolution had for a time concentrated the nation's energy on political and material affairs; the opening of the nineteenth century was marked by that reaching out after the things of the spirit which resulted in a more liberal theology and the rise of the transcendentalists. The curiously-assorted members of the Transcendental Club were agreed at any rate on certain general principles; they held that the spirit needed to be re-born, that the individual should be exalted, and that both culture and tolerance were essential. Of this new movement Alcott, Parker, Ripley, Emerson and Margaret Fuller were the leaders, and of these Emerson was chief. Thoreau was not much of a propagandist; he stood aside, and thought, and wrote, finding it unprofitable, as he said, "to have much to do with men." His appeal was not so wide as Emerson's, perhaps because it was less vague, but his literary skill was far higher, and he based himself more firmly on actuality. To this period also belong Hawthorne and Poe, Longfellow and Whittier, Lowell and Holmes; the real literary America was out of swaddling bands and had risen to a virile manhood.

To this significant period Prof. Trent devotes half his volume, and on the whole he is a wise guide. In matters

of judgment we do not always find ourselves in agreement with him, and he has a perplexing habit of first making a statement, and then so whittling it down as to render it practically valueless. But this tentative manner of criticism is better than much recent work in the same kind which has reached us from America, for it implies that Prof. Trent is still open to influence, and has not decided offhand, on quite insufficient grounds, that certain of his countrymen are amongst the immortals.

Naturally this volume does not deal with living writers; it leaves the subject on the threshold of that period which in America, as in England, has seen the enormous growth of letters in forms so often far removed from true literature. "The most distinctive note of American literature," says Prof. Trent, "is its applicability to the needs of a healthy-minded, sound-hearted people." We hope that the future will not clash with the Professor's optimism.

Gleanings.

STEVENSONIANA. Edited by J. A. Hammerton. (Richards. 12s. 6d. net.)

SINCE the death of Stevenson in 1894, we have not lacked opportunities of reconsidering his character and the value of his literary genius. He exercised an individual fascination of so much force that all manner of people, from the most casual acquaintances to some of his earliest and oldest friends, made haste to give to the world their sketch or portrait of him in his habit as he lived; while hardly a literary man of importance in England or America abstained from some attempt to analyse his work and to assess its value and significance. It has been impossible for any single reader to see or even to hear of all that has appeared in the newspapers or periodicals of both countries, and those "lovers of the man and admirers of the artist" to whom Mr. Hammerton inscribes this collection of "Stevensoniana" will be grateful to him for his zeal and discretion. Grateful, in spite of a certain reluctance with which they will approach the book; for the true lover has long ago found his own and self-made estimate quite unassailable; Stevenson's books are on his shelves, when they are not in his hands, and the living picture of Stevenson, right or wrong, is in his mind indelible. With some reluctance, then, he will take up this collection, as one who knows that he shall find there nothing new; but it is the old things that preserve their eternal novelty, and he will be conquered for the thousandth time by the freshness and indomitable youth of the personality which has filled so many books already and is destined to inspire yet more.

"Do you know, I was never bored in my life," said Stevenson to a weary and discouraged friend. He was not, and there is his secret. It is an open secret, which in his warm-hearted egotism he gave to all the world; but it remains a secret still, for how many are able to share it? Partly, no doubt, because of his precarious hold on life, he had a double measure of the sense for the joy of it, a double share of curiosity about it and enthusiasm for it. Those long and frequent periods of physical prostration, too, during which he was speechless, disabled, and sometimes in the dark, must have counted for much in driving him back upon his conscious self for his study of life. But too much can be made, too much has perhaps been made already, of these hampering circumstances. A man's character and temperament are independent even of such constraining bonds, which constrain him only to show himself as he is. Such as Stevenson showed himself in his darkened chamber to his own people, he showed himself in his work to all that care to know him. The composite portrait presented here is not at all confusing; what new images there are can be imposed upon the old and it is not blurred. "Character, character is what he has." So writes Mr. Henry James, who knows as much

about character as a man may hope to know this side the grave. "Forasmuch as he was primarily a talker, his printed works, like those of others after his kind, are but a sop for posterity." Thus the late W. E. Henley, who could also afford to write that he was "not interested in remarks about morals." But Stevenson could reveal that "character" of his, at least to those who had not heard him talk, even in his remarks about morals. Posterity will accept the sop and find in it a savour not to be found elsewhere. They could not help saying interesting things about a man so much himself, these men who knew or tried to know him. There was an element in him that evaded them. "A Scotchman of the world" should mean more than it does, coming from Henry James.

The traits of personal vanity, hints of the poseur, which Mr. Henley insists upon, are noted by some but by no means all of those who made Stevenson's acquaintance in later life. Sir Berry Cusack-Smith describes him as having "a face that in repose gave one the impression of weariness and discontent, while the mouth was perhaps suggestive of a vindictive temper if roused. But the face—and it was a very clever face—when lighted up by smiles could be very attractive, though it often betrayed a consciousness that he was playing down to the level of his audience, and that he wished his audience to recognise the fact." Most of his visitors at Vailima were frankly hero-worshippers, but there is one curious record of him by an American interviewer who describes him sitting "viewing the ceiling in a retrospective manner, and holding a home-made cigarette in his right hand. . . . His attire consisted simply of a tight-fitting, sleeveless undershirt, cut décolleté, which set off his sparsely settled figure in startling relief. . . . His feet were bare. . . ." This writer also notes that "his face wears an expression of continual weariness." He had wrestled with the Angel long enough. The old, riotous, irresponsible days were done. No longer confined to the sick-bed and the darkened room from which he could let fly his happiest couplet, he was taking his share in the activities of actual life, and the barriers of the mind seemed much more closely shut upon him. He had written, "I am not but in my art; it is me; I am the body of it merely;" and now he must write to his friend of friends, "The inherent tragedy of things works itself out from white to black and blacker, and the poor things of a day look ruefully on. Does it shake my cast-iron faith? I cannot say it does. I believe in an ultimate decency of things; ay, and if I woke in hell, should still believe it! But it is hard walking, and I can see my own share in the missteps, and can bow my head to the result, like an old, stern, unhappy devil of a Norseman, as my ultimate character is."

Something of the purpose of true tragedy is served by a consideration of such a life as Stevenson's. He wrestles and is bound to fall, but seems to win for us a victory even in his overthrow. The measure of material success that came to him has no significance: this is no story of industrious and thrifty youth leading to years of smug prosperity; the intellectual and spiritual strife grew darker year by year. Stevenson makes two appeals: the one purely artistic, purely literary; the other much wider, the appeal of man to man.

A Woman's View.

VICTORIA, QUEEN AND RULER. By Emily Crawford. (Arrow-smith. 6s.)

THIS is a remarkable book by a remarkable woman about another woman who was something more than remarkable; and it may be taken as an antidote to the somewhat fulsome fare which followed upon the passing of the late Queen. Mrs. Crawford has lived for some decades in the central whirl of European politics, casting the spray daily

and weekly into the columns of the "Daily News" and "Truth." Moreover she has met and conversed with most of the people who have made history during the past three-quarters of a century, from Taglioni who taught Queen Victoria to dance—and found that with a figure *très ingrate*, her pupil had *le génie de la valse*—to Gladstone, who worshipped the Queen but never gained her affection. She has a prodigious memory too, pouring forth reminiscences of the royal stage, with an unconcealed knowledge of the scene-shifters, supers, and call-boys behind the scenes. Perhaps it is as well that more than two years have been permitted to pass before this record and appreciation appeared. It marks the first attempt to estimate the late Queen as a woman, and Mrs. Crawford never leans to the side of adulation. She writes with unquenchable spirit, but with a sub-acid flavour that possibly may set the teeth of idolaters on edge, but can, on serious reflection, only increase our respect for the memory of a ruler who did her best with the qualities given her to do her duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call her.

Luck—or Providence—ruled from the first beginnings of Queen Victoria, as Mrs. Crawford shows. She dropped unexpectedly upon the British nation, and it was solely due to a London tradesman (who lent the Duke of Kent his fare to London) that Victoria was born in England. Even her name was due to the suggestion at the font of Archbishop Manners Sutton, or the Victoria who gave a name to an era might have been called Georgiana. That June morning at Kensington Palace, when the young Queen was greeted by the Archbishop, Lord Conyngham and Sir Henry Halford, has been pictured by painters. Mrs. Crawford has heard of that from Lady Georgiana Morgan. The Queen never said "May I request your Grace to pray for me?" With her mother she ran out of the room suddenly realizing that she had forgotten to take off her night-cap. And Mrs. Crawford takes quite another view than the traditional one of an Archbishop who rushed from a bereaved Queen to sprawl at the feet of his new patroness. Mrs. Crawford traces the defects of the Victorian virtues to early education:—

A fault of the Queen's education was the utter want of fine emotional excitement. There was nothing in it to make her heart occasionally burn within her, to raise her out of herself, and out of her own personal interests. It was a safe education, but not a noble one. Prosaic common sense is good for administration, or any kind of business. But it never yet furnished motive power for great objects.

It is odd that such an education should have resulted in the early reputation of keeping the court of a Jezebel. More easily intelligible is the fact that "if there was a bad painter classed among or near the eminent portraitists, the Queen and Prince Consort were sure to find him out and give him orders." Nor from youth to death did Queen Victoria ever step aside to hold out a hand to women workers or women writers—unless they were concerned with nursing.

Mrs. Crawford's view of the Queen is this: that she was a good woman of limited capacity and faulty education:—

Gladstone worshipped the Queen, but he lent her qualities that she could not assume. In short, he worked himself into the belief that she was not only good, shrewd, of a singularly elastic mind, but as intellectual as himself and extraordinary in all respects. Disraeli, who remained to the last a "Vivian Grey," humbugged her. She preferred the humbug of Disraeli to the worship of Gladstone.

This volume, written with buoyancy, humour and knowledge, will destroy many illusions. It is the frankest estimate of the late Queen that has been published since Mr. Dooley discoursed upon the Diamond Jubilee. But perhaps the time has come when we can dissociate the halo from the very human saint.

Other New Books.

ESSAYS IN BUFF. (Walter Scott. 2s. 6d.)

THE anonymous author of this little volume is evidently very much in earnest, but his earnestness, if not without discretion, is at least without much hold upon the psychology of his subject. He endeavours, like Stevenson, to "see life bare to the buff," but he does not appear to see much below the buff. We have a certain sympathy with his point of view—indeed, it has been stated and re-stated so often that this evangel is rather belated—but it is so restricted as to be of little practical value. In effect, says the author, do not let us be ashamed of nakedness, for nakedness is beauty, and in itself inherently delicate and free from evil. On this basis he builds up a somewhat illogical plea for athletics, and particularly for swimming, but we see no reason in the world why the Miss Whitworth of one of the essays should have so curiously changed her point of view because she saw a party of men bathing. It is in just such a matter as that that the author seems to go wrong. We could almost have imagined him to have been brought up in a sect which treated knowledge of sex as a vice. Such pernicious cultivation of ignorance no doubt still exists, but it can hardly be remedied by such a community as the author describes in his third essay. Selection of suitable stock for the continuance of the race is all very well, but in these pages only the purely physical attributes are taken into account. Is the aim of humanity only to be the breeding of healthy animals? But the author's thesis will hardly bear serious discussion, although we entirely agree with much that he says concerning the proper and wholesome education of children.

On the whole this is a healthy and pleasant little book, though we could wish that the fourth and concluding essay had been omitted. It is not irreverent, it is occasionally almost beautiful, but we have an instinctive objection to discourses in Paradise in which Christ and Hermes and Venus and certain of the Apostles all take part.

NORTHERN LYRICS. By Fred G. Bowles. (Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. BOWLES, so far as our memory serves us, has already published two slender books of verse. This volume has the faults and the qualities of the author's previous work, which is to say that it has grace and fancy but not much ballast of thought. It would, perhaps, hardly be fair to say that Mr. Bowles writes too easily, but certainly he not seldom writes on too slender an impulse, too indefinite an inspiration. The title of a book of verse is not of much consequence, but in this case it seems to indicate the author's indefiniteness. Beyond an "Introit" addressed to "Men of the North," and eight lines entitled "Dawn: From the High Level Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne," there is really nothing in the volume to indicate its northern origin; it might, in fact, just as well have been called "Southern Lyrics." Mr. Bowles has not the faculty for grasping and expressing the soul of a locality, which is not, of course, an essential of poetry, but goes for something in our estimate of a volume so specifically named. But Mr. Bowles has a very sincere love of nature, a true, if narrow, sense of beauty, and an ear that seldom fails him. Occasionally, too, he is concrete and definite enough, as in the following verses called "Lighten Thou Mine Eyes":—

When the drowsy wings of Death
Rustle at my chamber-door;
When the Spirit which is Breath
Breathes upon me evermore;

When the tarrying Soul delays
In its stricken house below—
Lord, through all Thy lofty ways,
Whither shall my spirit go?
Lighten Thou mine eyes lest they
Knowing that which is not Thee,
Lead the wayward Soul astray
Hopeless through Eternity.

In a different mood Mr. Bowles is at his best in such an impression as "Solitude." We have a goodly number of minor poets who are worth reading, and Mr. Bowles is one of them.

Fiction.

THE HOUSE ON THE SANDS. By Charles Marriott. (Lane. 6s.)

It would sometimes be of real service to the critic to know just why a particular author wrote a particular book—at any rate in the case of an author so serious as Mr. Marriott. We have read "The House on the Sands" carefully, and we have been unable to discover any definite basic idea. We can hardly take the political part of the story as serious, nor can we take the more personal and human part as quite serious. In the case of the political part Mr. Marriott hardly seems to have grasped certain essential facts, certain economic conditions. His President of the Board of Trade does not see very far ahead, nor do we see how the Government control of great shipping lines would do very much towards an effective Imperialism. Certainly the affair could not possibly have been got through with the celerity and in the manner which Mr. Marriott indicates. But that we could have forgiven if Godfrey Julian, the optimistic President of the Board of Trade, had caught our sympathy as an individual. But he does not catch our sympathy, or at least not until the story is so far advanced that our sympathy is reflected through the personality of a woman. On the non-political side of the story, also, Mr. Marriott has set himself a most difficult task. The man and woman who elect to live together outside the conventions are common enough in fiction, but the man and woman who are foolish enough to keep house together on the purely platonic brother and sister lines can hardly expect our sympathy. Yet the woman in the case is so admirably realized, so delicately drawn, that in spite of all improbability, in spite of a situation hardly conceivable, she does claim and hold our sympathy. That is where Mr. Marriott triumphs, and it is no small triumph; the pity is that so excellent an artistry should have been so employed.

The earlier scenes between the awakening enthusiasts who have defied convention to make each other miserable are strong and restrained, but later Mr. Marriott takes refuge in a device for solving difficulties which is no part of the true essence of the situation, and is therefore an evasion of the whole question. The clever but hopelessly egotistic Lanyon goes mad, and murders under a misapprehension an innocent poet instead of his rival Julian. So the knot is cut—very unsatisfactorily. But the book is interesting, and in parts it reaches a level of nervous tension which holds the reader almost against his will. In characterization the women are much firmer, much more certain, than the men.

MORE KIN THAN KIND. By Gerald Fitzstephen. (Methuen. 6s.)

THIS is not a very pleasant book, for it deals with many very unpleasant people. But it is a very clever book. It cuts deftly across the vague and popular belief that family affection is natural, whereas no animal but the human being ever shows the least trace of particular affection for

his sisters, his cousins or his aunts, or even for his mother when the infant need is satisfied and surmounted. Many stories of late have had the tyranny of the family as the pivot of the plot; and this one is certainly among the best. Maurice Lestrangle is a young Oxford don with some sisters at Brighton who are—well—the type of sisters that a young Oxford don could not stand. And Ivor Branscombe, his late pupil, is the scion of a great political family; he is expected to go into Parliament—his mother is engineering the entry. Says Ivor:—

What awful nonsense the whole thing is! Why can't people leave me alone to live quietly as I want to do? I'm not cut out for a public career; I don't feel the remotest interest in public questions; and I know I shall make a fearful idiot of myself when I come forward.

On the other hand Maurice, with those dreadful sisters at Brighton, finds himself at sea when he gives up his share of the slender patrimony. "Was it another characteristic of the family relation that kindnesses rendered by one member to another were merely regarded with mean ill-humour and jocularly?" The mingling of these two men and the two families is skilfully contrived, for one of the men fell in love with the sister of the other. The story is thoroughly well written in its details, showing an intimate knowledge of Oxford life and the *coulisses* of the political stage. And it is a painfully trenchant denunciation of the tyranny of the family.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE COUNTESS AND THE KING'S DIARY. BY PERCY WHITE.

Two stories in Mr. White's characteristic manner. The first, the full title of which is "The Infatuation of the Countess," tells of the love adventures of the son of a derelict Major who had gone down-hill so persistently that he was called "Old Kismet." This son, having been bought out of the regiment in which he had enlisted, becomes instructor to a ladies' fencing school, and there meets the Countess and another lady. The development of the story is managed with point and humour.

COUNT ZARKA. BY SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY, BART.

Described as a romance. The story is of the familiar Continental intrigue description, and opens with an interview between a Minister and a faithful lieutenant concerning the disappearance of a certain Prince Roel. The story develops through a series of adventures to the destruction of Count Zarka, the villain, by means of an avalanche. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

FRANK BAYLIS. BY JOHN CRANE.

Apparently a novel with a purpose. The hero, who goes to a Continental seminary to be trained for the Roman priesthood, is dragged into a debauch which has been carefully arranged by a deposed Canon, who says: "Bait your hook with woman and you can catch anybody. Why, I've had Cardinals here." The subsequent proceedings range over the Anglican Church and love-making, and the end comes in South Africa. (Scott. 5s.)

SEVEN OF THEM. BY MRS. E. M. DAVY.

A volume containing seven stories, the first of which, "Jack Dudley's Wife," occupies half the book. The author has selected the somewhat ambitious motto: "La vie est un drame pour ceux qui sentent, mais une comédie pour ceux qui regardent." The first story concludes with two pistol shots: "Georgie, my wife, lay dead. Edna, my love, had sunk fainting in my arms —." Some of the other stories are more cheerful. (Scott. 5s.)

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A Study in Difference.

THERE is an opposite to nostalgia, but patriotism has denied it a name. Home-sickness, an appropriate term for it, means just what it ought not to mean. Yet the malady exists, refining the senses to an acute perception of the advantages of exile. "Malady" we said, because it is a cause of discomfort, but the evolutionist applauds in it a symptom of racial improvement. He is right, in spite of the philosophy which discovers the universe in a handful of earth from any land. He is right, in spite of the law which exempts nothing from change. For even the universe affects one rather by its facial expression than its meritorious contents, and, if it express itself by a handful of earth, it will seem no more to the physical eye. As for change, it is the great discoverer of permanence. House by house the city is rebuilt, cell by cell the human body, but the film to which is owed the spectator's general impression, the pervasive film of personality, though repaired and perhaps altered, is never disguised.

And we come to this. We grow tired of a general impression; we learn to dislike that preponderating personality of a nation which draws us into itself, imposing its values upon us, making of us a pattern negligible as that on a piece of linoleum or an inoffensive wall-paper, and finally—impotent, we are apt to feel, just in the wrong place—allowing our ennui to grow into dislike, and dislike into a sort of pain.

Then we turn to something that differs from this strong but not omnipotent personality, turn from familiar to strange, that our typical obedience to our country may cease to be automatic, that we may be restored to ourselves. There is virtue in learning another language, there is subtle virtue in practising another scale of notation, in listening to enharmonic music, in viewing a comet, in any activity of sense that demonstrates to us the suppleness and variety of matter and mind. There is special virtue in one nation's gaze at another, since it may lead to an appropriation, by the population of both, of ideas as nourishing as corn or of weapons that destroy bonds. Let us consider for a few moments two nations engaged in genial scrutiny of each other.

They are England and Japan, countries separated by more than a third of the world's circumference, and psychologically by a difference greater than that which divides an Englishman from a negro, because it is the difference between two developed civilisations. The ruling characteristic of our civilisation is its devotion to the concept Property. Under its fine fancy-name of Mammon, it bears a more limited meaning than we shall assign to it; as Property, therefore, we shall continue to speak of it. As a nation we have a passion for acquiring and collecting and for stamping our individuality upon the fruits of our enterprise. From the Cape-to-Cairo Railway to a lift up a cliff at Hastings, from the cubical unimaginativeness of a government building to the insipid practicality of the postage stamps for India, we read "England: her mark"

wherever may rest a mark which consists often of a bluff indifference to sentiment and congruity. Now, behind the acquisitiveness of anybody, from a nation to a miser, lies the idea of increasing the power of personality by accretion; the thing acquired is "our own" or "my own." So much is commonplace, but it is not generally reflected that the instinct for ownership is expressed in our religion as well as in our policy. Yet the essence of the Christian faith is nothing else than the preservation of personality together (it is to be supposed) with its accretion of memory in a land "where thieves do not break through and steal." In elaborating this point let us repeat a few Biblical sayings. Jesus asked "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Paul said "The wages of sin is death," but informed Timothy that "we trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, especially of those that believe." Jesus told a young man to sell "and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." Paul told the Corinthians that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard . . . the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Jude called for tribute "unto Him that is able . . . to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy"; and all through Christian theology runs the image of a lamb offered as an atonement and indeed as a price for sins enjoyed on credit by a bankrupt world.

To examine these passages with candour is to see how consummately, if unconsciously, the Christian religion flatters the idealistic commercialism, and frightens the passion for integrity of ownership, which rule the Gentile—not to say the English—mind. Immortality is unquestionably the supreme prize which millions hope to secure. "Sinning" every day, they look forward to æons of faultless behaviour. In a panic of regard for the property they denominate their souls they think that there will be in endless space, unexploited by builders, in sexless bliss independent of a bought sustenance, no itch in them to steal or clutch, no will in them to back-bite or to lie. They will be presented faultless before the Man with the marred hands; they will be white. They will have paid their belief and bought their salvation; another will have paid his body and bought their sins.

But belief is an article to be had in innumerable qualities; and as a payment extorted by threat it is not worth a philosopher's sixpence. Hence the spiritual poverty of most Christians; they give their belief by way of soul-insurance, and are in a hurry to think no more about it. Hence they do not grow spiritually, but spend their lives over the intractable matter—the funds and freeholds, the good cheer and good gear—which are not amenable to mere "belief," but must be earned or inherited. To us as a nation this matter or Property is the sovereign reality of life.

What of Japan? We recall, in formulating our answer, a print of a Japanese lady seated on a bench by a very blue river swarming with house-boats and other craft. Behind her is a mountain, and on her left a bridge filled with pedestrians whose faces the artist has sometimes been content to leave noseless. But the lady has her back to all these. She is gazing where we cannot see, in pose delightfully at ease, and therefore the more intricate to have drawn. Every hair of her tight marumagi seems worth her nose to the artist, who has suppressed and subordinated everything he chose, with the result that the mere shape and bulk of the lady as she sits calls away attention from river and bridge and mountain to the unseen object of her thoughts. And we know it is her neglect, not the artist's, which leaves the faces of the bridge-folk unfinished; she wears her environment more negligently than she wears her dress.

It is precisely because this print is a commonplace product of Japan, and accepts the normal plane of occidental vision, that we have deemed it an apt illustration of a way

of looking at Matter or Property radically different from our own. Consider for a moment and you see that the artist went miles beyond the anarchist before he so subordinated environment and population to an individual's negligence of them.

To leave our print, lest we read too much into it, it is part of our poetry to give sanctity to a shape that is old, though, considered atomically, everything is old beyond reckoning. One cannot imagine in this country a rule whereby one of our churches must be rebuilt every twenty years, as in the case of the temples of Isé and Idzumo in Japan. Even the verb "restore" has with us a criminal significance. Lafcadio Hearn sees the average Japanese house built in five days; it is built (we say) for a sojourn; it acknowledges houses not built with hands. Compare our cult of silver forks ("family plate") with chopsticks constantly renewed; compare the easy clothes, unstitched for washing, with our elaborate outfits for morning and evening; seek in Japan for the cumbersome furniture that presses the middle-class Englishman to the bosom of his suburb: the result is to show him the slave of Property or the menial of Matter.

Property, dumb, lifeless, remains when we go out of the world, and something shouts in us "don't go." The suicide deserting property, violating the property which is himself, is in our legal eyes always insane. Once he excited hate, as cross roads testified. In Japan, however, he is a logician. When *seppuku* was in vogue "before the promulgation of the criminal code," the condemned might purge his honour by anticipating the executioner according to a ceremony of which we owe a minute account to a translation by A. B. Mitford. "Girls," says Dr. Nitobe in "Bushido"—a short and admirable exposition of Japanese thought (fifth edition, Tokyo, 1901)—"when they reached womanhood were presented with dirks (*kai-ken*, pocket poniards)," in order, we learn, that each could take her life to defend her chastity.

Little as she was taught in anatomy, she must know the exact spot to cut in her throat: she must know how to tie her lower limbs together with a belt so that, whatever the agencies of death might be, her corpse be found in utmost modesty with the limbs properly compressed.

Dr. Nitobe does not add, what we must suppose from another publication ("The Nightless City," Yokohama, 1899), that all this fine Lucretian sentiment bloomed while the cry went up from Kokonoye—her whom the law sentenced to the Yoshiwara—that she was "doomed . . . to ladle up for ever the water of the never ceasing stream of the Sumida river." She won her way out by a poem—an irony which we forbear to press—and in 1872 all the courtesans were unconditionally freed. The fact of the Yoshiwara's existence, however, shows that virtue is in Japan essentially idealistic rather than dogmatic. Reason says "you should" rather than conscience (that spirit born of dogma) "you must."

Bushido indeed—a term meaning military knight ways—by its very name limits the class upon whom its principles were imposed. "The bushi held that his high social position demanded" the virtue he practised; he would atone by death for *ni-gon* or a double tongue, but it was because he was a bushi, not because he was a man. His cult of self control knows adherents throughout the Japanese populace: hence the silence of Japanese crowds bowing farewell to their soldiers bound for war. His politeness still so rules that a Japanese gentleman will furl his parasol if you have none, and his own be too small for both. "As I cannot shade you I will share your discomforts." Yet he will not share intimate and tender thoughts, and under his concern for your comfort is the stoicism that would bid you suffer torture without a cry.

There is of course a point of contact in all people. Clearing his voice with tea instead of water, the Japanese Buddhist preacher of Mitford's day would accuse the

corrupting passions as earnestly as any methodist, and the interjected "Nammiyô!" of his hearers should have sounded, if words have any virtue, as unctuous as any exclamation of those saved by "dissent."

Again, as to Nirvana, it was Byron who wrote:—

And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be.

But it was an English Member of Parliament who wrote "Bad" against these lines on the page where we read them now. The soul of the writer cannot yet condemn that word; he is too English still. Meanwhile Nirvana, too placid even to ripple, waits with immense composure for us all. Is England's affectionate look at Japan the prophecy of an ascension towards it? Not for England—Property's devoted Titan—but possibly for a few Englishmen.

The Phrase-Book.

THERE is something a little pathetic in the efforts of alien peoples to understand one another. But the deeper pathos comes when the attempt is made to render two nations mutually intelligible by means of a phrase-book. This month is prolific of such pathos. For some absurd reason the French, though within a few miles of the centre of the greatest empire the world has ever known (the phrase cannot be avoided), have refused to learn English. That is very silly of them, you will admit. Yet possibly they are right to avoid taking unnecessary trouble. They hold the chief passes to the Continent; you cannot go from London to the playgrounds of Europe without carrying the linguistic lines of some foreign nation or other, and that nation is more often than not the French. So the French rest secure behind their fortifications. Much more aggressive is the German, who, if he has had any sort of a liberal education, is acquainted at least with the rudiments of the English language. This perhaps is why the Englishman so often relies on this fact, and refuses to follow the example of the German clerk who devotes himself to mastering the business language of Germany's chief rival in commerce. At the same moment, almost, our eyes fell upon two phrase-books, both valuable after their kind, but of very different kinds. The one is addressed to the young business man, who, however much he may have learned of German at school, is unfamiliar with the commercial manners and terms of Germany. It is called "A Course of Commercial German" (Longmans), and is compiled by E. E. Whitfield, M.A., and Carl Kaiser, who conduct the young man on business journeys through Germany, invent conversations for him dealing with pig-iron, cotton, finance and so forth, instruct him in the forms of commercial correspondence, and teach him to find his way through the columns of the "Hamburgische Börsenhalle." M. Leon Delbos, with his "John Bull in France" (The Clarendon Press), is much more frolicsome. Having explained in advance certain errors that must be avoided—(you must not, for example, refer to an eligible young woman as "une bonne allumette" when you mean that she is a "good match" and not that she is as thin as a lath)—M. Delbos makes a "book of real conversations." Now if you want to say "Do let your beard grow," or "He is fuddled, without fail, every Saturday," or "What do I care for your ancestors? Can't one have sprung from a great family and yet not be good for much?"—if you want to say these things to the porter at Calais, here you are. Draw your phrase-book, and fire it at him. Of course anything may happen to you when you have left the jurisdiction of King Edward VII., and in case of emergency you are told how to say this in French: "As he was finishing his speech the mayor called out: 'Strike up,' and the local band played the Marseillaise."

Later on he was escorted back to his hotel, with the band playing before him." Even more agitating contingencies are provided for by M. Delbos, thus: "We had a narrow escape, for the train ran off the rails and all but fell down an embankment sixty feet high." If the train had fallen down—! But then, of course, the conversation would not have taken place. Naturally you have a charming niece at school in Paris, who will clap her hands in French at the advent of her delightful uncle. M. Delbos has not overlooked this universal experience of the continental holiday maker, and when John Bull has seen the sights of Brittany and chatted gaily with every one whom he meets, he is sent round Paris with his niece, and when he has shewn her all the sights that a "jeune fille" should witness, is compelled to buy her a new hat. An uncle in a milliner's atelier is a John Bull in a china shop. But he is skilfully conducted by M. Delbos. And when we have finished this tour of inspection, of which the greater part of the book is composed, we find a vast number of useful phrases, that occur again and again in slightly twisted circumstances, fixed in the mind. It is an admirable phrase-book for the traveller who "knows enough French to get along with."

But the man who has only a little knowledge of a foreign language should be warned off the phrase-book. He is playing with fire. M. Delbos unconsciously gives the situation away in his preface. "John Bull," he says, "being a good-natured fellow, a great smoker, not in any way inclined to dyspepsia, is very talkative, and fond of asking questions. Thus he converses with all sorts and conditions of men; and as Frenchmen do not usually belong to the silent and morose species, they readily respond, and thus the conversation never flags." Doesn't it! At this very moment there are hundreds of Englishmen peering over the tops of phrase-books from which they read the most lucid questions, and wondering what the polite and voluble Frenchman is saying. It is even more awful if the phrase is committed to memory, and the question put with an easy, careless grace. The Frenchman is deceived. He imagines that the questioner is conversant with his tongue, that the stranger's ear is accustomed to his speech, and immediately he pours all his courtesy out at the feet of the visitor who shows such intimate acquaintance with the idiom of the country. What is the use of learning the question when you cannot understand the answer? For these phrase-books do not circulate in France, it must be remembered, and the Frenchman never plays the game, and no phrase-book maker's foresight can provide against the embarrassing courtesy of the Frenchman who thinks you can understand him.

For the man who thinks he knows French "enough to get on with" the phrase-book is to be recommended, and certainly the device of M. Delbos is as ingenious as could be hit upon. But the man who knows little, and knows his ignorance, should depend on nouns, with an occasional verb. He should not draw the fire of conversation, since even in his own country the average man has nothing illuminating to say of art or letters or politics. These things he should drop. Let him remember that many centuries ago a young woman found her way from Eastern Asia to our own happy country with the aid of two English words—"Gilbert, England." She found England, and she found Gilbert; and the feat should be a lesson to the people who think they should enter a foreign language by way of a phrase-book. If the delicacies of conversation are cast aside—and they are always the property of the minority—the main necessities of life remain. Any man of ordinary mental capacity should be able to commit to memory two or three thousand words, many of which in any European language are universal. And even a few hundred nouns and verbs, spoken with decision, will bring food, drink, lodging, and guidance. Bring down a fist on any restaurant table in the world and cry "Beer!" (the spelling is unimportant). It comes. If the object

is simply to get through with the least possible trouble, such words as "room," "how much," "what time," are the straws to catch at. You must learn the numerals, for in every land and language they are of import. But if you stand on the Moscow Station at St. Petersburg and simply say "Moscow" to the nearest Russian official, you are safe. Give him a sentence out of a phrase-book, and you are under fire at once, and cannot return it.

American Transcendentalism.

INTERNATIONAL impressions, like international yacht races and marriages, are becoming more common every year. Americans are occasionally mildly irritated by the irresponsible superficiality of the analyses of distinguished foreigners, from Dickens to Matthew Arnold, from M. Paul Bourget to Mr. Rudyard Kipling. But apart altogether from these distinguished authors one is becoming familiar to the fatigue point with the writings of young English gentlemen who wish to explain America to the world because they have purchased a return ticket on an ocean liner. It always does begin on that liner, but even from that standpoint of detachment it is possible to learn of America something beyond the company promoter complaining about cocktails and the heiress perusing the passenger list by the searchlight of Debreit. Nor is America summed up in the slang of the poker-table or revealed in the long tiresome lies of the smoking-room. No, all that is not typical of America. Setting aside the traditions of the circulating libraries, examine the matter for yourself and, threading your way along the floating hotel, without dallying too long by any particular deck-chair, you will surely discover somebody who really is typical of a country more traduced by its friends than by its foes. You will find him probably leaning over the taffrail, a silent, quiet man who sees in the sea a deeper mystery than he has found in any of the capitals of Europe. He is a man who, with all the shrewdness of his race, accepts the grim truth of things as they are, and he is a man for whom his mother wit has softened the edge of actuality so that he can smile at himself and others for adding to the hubbub beneath the stars.

There have been endless sketches of American types on American liners, but somehow or other this quiet man has been either thrust into the background or utterly ignored. Yet he really is there, and his presence is significant of much that modern industrialism would seem to have obliterated. He it is who, freed from the conventionality of the Old World and careless of the ambitions of the New, accepts a deeper tradition and clings to a profounder faith. An incongruous survival in an age of strenuous barter, this lonely figure stands for something more essential and more permanent than this or that whimsical capitalist. For he is the very spirit of the old America, the land where people looked for freedom in the forests and took from the loneliness around them the government of a great simplicity. All that seems faint and far off in the clamour of to-day, but none the less it is the vital reality in which lies hidden the secret of the real America.

This odd way of looking at America and the Americans will appear comparatively reasonable to any one who reads "The Poets of Transcendentalism," edited by Mr. George Willis Cooke (Houghton). This anthology includes selections from the Poetry of Emerson and Lowell and Thoreau, but it also includes the verses of comparatively obscure men and women. Of poetry in the true sense the volume contains relatively little, but it shows on every page the steadfast longing or the higher truth. And there is something profoundly interesting, when one considers it, in these people to whom no spark of genius has been granted, relentlessly, persistently turning their

backs upon the immediate pleasure and the common hope, in order to approach, however humbly, the divine circle which links Emerson to Plato.

"Individuality," says the editor in his introduction, "was the one essential word and thought of the transcendentalists," and perhaps the innate loneliness of "individuality" has never found more sympathetic expression than in these lines from the "Gnosis" of Christopher P. Cranch:—

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.
Heart to heart was never known;
Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.
Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

But there is no despair in this loneliness; on the contrary, because of his devout belief in the guardian Over Soul, "the transcendentalist is always an optimist," and in these stanzas from W. E. Channing's "A Poet's Hope" we may read the confession of his faith:—

O Time! O Death! I clasp you in my arms,
For I can soothe an infinite cold sorrow,
And gaze contented on your icy charms,
And that wild snow-pile which we call to-morrow;
Sweep on, O soft and azure-lidded sky,
Earth's waters to your gentle gaze reply.
I am not earth-born, though I here delay;
Hope's child, I summon infiniter powers;
And laugh to see the mild and sunny day
Smile on the shrunk and thin autumnal hours;
I laugh, for hope hath happy place with me,
If my bark sink, 'tis to another sea.

But we of to-day are in our very blood rebels against sacrifice, and because of this in poetry we search for, not the gospel of renunciation for the far-off hope, but rather the cult of beauty for the present rapture. Well, they, too, have felt the glamour of beauty; they, too, have listened to the troubling whisper which prompts us, if for but one fleeting hour, to win oblivion of death. And it is Emerson himself who tells us that "Beauty is its own excuse for being." It is Emerson who has interpreted the eternal evasiveness of that essence for which men crave, but which none can ever possess:—

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.

And it is Emerson who has expressed not the mere verbal analysis, but the feeling of pantheism. It is Emerson who has uttered the ultimate secret of this philosophy to which simple beings have clung with something of the passion for a concrete faith:—

Again I saw, again I heard
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

Mr. Cooke claims that the transcendental movement has affected American literature more than any other, and it might be well, were it only for the novelty of the thing, to study the American spirit in such a volume as this, rather than in the records of commercial progress.

Impressions.

Withdrawn.

THE oblong flower-beds succeeded one another with the regularity of a pattern on the smooth sward. A rose-embroidered entrance, without a door, broke the monotony of the long wall which stared across them to the line of pines concealing its parallel neighbour. Towering delphinium published its blue glory with a distinctness that was almost loud, and as I passed along I heard a note equally powerful. An orange richer than the fruit which names the colour, such an orange as the rind of the fruit so-called might shine with if it were the globe of an electric lamp, delivered a message from the Caucasus to this Surrey garden and rebuked the daisies under the pines for sleeping too early.

It was a lovely spot under a lovely sky. Here was shelter from a wind that sang alarmingly into one's ears elsewhere. And yet there was something lacking.

I recalled another garden where every bed was a little racecourse for hobby horses. In that garden arose such cunning forts and minarets as made second childhood seem the most admirable of infancies; and, as one paced its paths narrow as scantlings, one felt all the emanations ascribed to "dear old-fashioned" gardens. Was I missing now the spirit of Sterne's uncle Toby, of all those patched but still dexterous pensioners? Was I missing their southernwood and London pride, their love-lies-bleeding, and their scarlet-runners, or whatever, English and homely, the month should yield them instead?

No. Their garden—blithe as I had been in it—had no illusion for me now. It was a public garden, after all, and, in practice, it was even a market garden.

I missed a woman to whom I had never spoken, whom I saw in a year when my eyes were full of roses, when I saw Victor Verdier at the feet of Rose Marie Henriette and Clematis Fairy Queen on one side of the doorless entrance coquetting with Gloire de Dijon on the other.

I had strolled into the garden and saw her bending to the hoe, a woman in all but dress. Quiet, pale, industrious, she was no relative near or remote of Imogen, Kaled, Joan. Her hair abundant, conventionally arranged, of a hue between brown and straw, made no proclamation of her womanhood. But indescribably in all her movements the fact was gently affirmed. She was of the curves which in a circle together produce our one perfect image of harmony.

There are women whose sex, in any envelope that derives from man, becomes an incarnate laugh; there are women who believe there to be no better advertisement of their bloom and its accessibility. I mention them but to say that I had seen them, and that in this woman's flitting presence they dwindled to a legend and flung their gestures to heroes if not to saints. So she made poetry as she hoed.

And now she was gone. No need to ask why, for I knew. The garden with its doorless entrance could not detain her, and a call had come to her from a door ajar that snapped upon her.

As I watched the gardener watering the flowers out of a gigantic hose with something of the large indifference shown in feeding exhibited lions, I remembered her with a pang, and these words of a girl, who told of her, dropped into my soul: "She has gone into a strict house, and you know they think it an awful thing for a woman to dress in man's clothes. She will have to do a lot of penance for it."

Drama.

In August.

ONE can hardly find it in one's conscience to apply the finer instruments of criticism to a play produced for August consumption. The thing is so obviously done in the interests of the country cousin; who, indeed, would certainly feel defrauded of his due rights, if, at the Adelphi of all places, there were no villains to be hissed, no virtuous sentiments to be applauded, and no unexpected and improbable *peripeteiae* to give the authentic thrill. Mr. T. Gideon Warren and Mr. Ben Landeck, who are responsible for "Em'ly," are not of course the first adapters to recognise the dramatic possibilities of "David Copperfield." I believe that the novel was staged soon after its appearance in 1850, and that more than one subsequent version has graced the boards. As to the comparative merits of these earlier attempts I can say nothing. The work of Mr. T. Gideon Warren and Mr. Ben Landeck is artless enough. It does not, of course, profess to exhaust the material provided by the book. In fact, of the central narrative, that of David himself and of Dora, there is practically nothing. David appears, indeed, almost continuously, but he is merely a walking gentleman, and does not affect the action of the piece. On the contrary, he stands by like a stuck pig most of the time. What the play does deal with, however, is, firstly, the betrayal of "Little Em'ly" by Copperfield's friend Steerforth, leading up to Steerforth's death in the storm, and, secondly, the villainy of Uriah Heep, the intrigues by which he entangles the unsuspecting Mr. Wickfield, and his final unmasking by Wilkins Micawber. These motives are tackled in more or less alternate scenes, and are not brought into any dramatic relation to each other. Moreover, the Uriah Heep part is very sketchily treated, and I doubt whether it would be wholly intelligible to any one not already familiar with the story. I imagine that the country cousins read Dickens, and are familiar with the story. Certainly the oncoming of Wilkins Micawber was greeted with a round of applause which I fancied to be due at least as much to the popularity of the character as to that of his impersonator, Mr. Harry Nicholls.

Practically, therefore, the dramatic interest of the Adelphi production reduces itself to the treatment, in about half the play, of the sins of Steerforth, and the woeful fate of "Little Em'ly." This seems to me rather hard on Dickens. I may perhaps premise that I do not properly appreciate Dickens. This may be due either to a blind spot or congenital incapacity of my own, in the possession of which I take it that I am not singular; or, perhaps, more probably, to the fact that once, in extreme youth, I obtained a prize for an examination in the "Pickwick Papers." Whatever the reason, the case is so, and the murder is out. But even I can see that it is not treating Dickens fairly to make nothing of all that gives "David Copperfield" its (to a Dickensian) charm, and to concentrate attention upon what even his admirers confess to be a singularly second-rate and unconvincing bit of melodrama. I do not of course say that the best part of "David Copperfield" could have been treated dramatically, because the lamentable appearance of Mr. Micawber as a stage figure is conclusive proof that it couldn't. This is natural enough, since the "humour" of Mr. Micawber consists almost wholly of the repetition of catchwords, and such a repetition, tolerable when dispersed through the chapters of a novel, is quite intolerable at the shorter intervals which the compression of dramatic dialogue demands. But in the whole range of melodrama—or "melo-farce," as by a delightful and most appropriate hybrid we are to be

in future taught to call it—was there ever sadder stuff than this of Peggotty, Ham, Little Em'ly and Steerforth? Even in the telling of the tale, how crude and lurid it is beside, say, Mr. Meredith's handling of the curiously parallel situation between Heriot and Kiomi in "Harry Richmond"? The one is human life, the other a peculiar distortion of human life visible through a medium made up in equal parts of the sentimental and the improbable. On the stage, the improbabilities are even yet more impossible to blink at, and the literary handling, especially in the storm scene, has to face a further damning comparison with that of "The Good Hope" of Heijermans, the recent production of which by the Stage Society has left a vivid impression at least upon my memory. I may perhaps borrow from Mr. George Gissing a criticism which he makes upon the seduction theme in "David Copperfield" and extends also to that in "Adam Bede." I think that it is extremely interesting. He points out that the conventions of literary ethics, which both Dickens and George Eliot accept, render impossible any approach to a detailed treatment of a seduction. You are allowed to see the man and woman in the earlier and innocent stages of their intercourse, and then considerations of decency hurry you on to some point subsequent to the *denouement*. The result is that you do not understand. You have seen nothing of the intermediate psychology, of the hesitations, the waverings, the slow growth of habit, and all the mental processes which make the situation plausible. The author wishes your sympathy for his "Little Em'ly" or his Hetty Sorrel. But if you have only seen her, one moment modest, and the next ruined, and know nothing of what has passed between, how shall you give it or do anything but drop her as a light woman? It must, of course, be borne in mind that Mr. Gissing is a disciple of the realistic school of novel-writing; and that, as a matter of fact, outside the limits of that school, there are ways of telling the reader what he ought to know without offending any but the most prudish sense of literary decency. But many of these ways are inapplicable in a play, in which the whole difficulty is greatly intensified; and Mr. Gissing's criticism, which is already far more true of "David Copperfield" than of "Adam Bede," is truer still of "Little Em'ly." Practically the author asks us to be sorry for a girl who fell in love with Steerforth and accepted his kisses five minutes after she first saw him, and ten minutes after she had consented to be the wife of Ham Peggotty. It is too unreal. But perhaps I have, after all, been applying the criticisms which should have gone holiday-making in August.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

A Craftsman who Wrote.

PICKING ten people at random from the multitude who crowded the Royal Academy last Monday, the closing day of the exhibition, it would have been interesting to put this question to them—"What do you know of Benvenuto Cellini?" Five might have heard his name, three might have a dim recollection that he did goldsmiths' work for popes and princes, two might have seen his *Perseus* at Florence, and one might have read his autobiography. Of course literary folk know that wonderful book which Goethe translated, and which Horace Walpole said was more amusing than any novel. It is the autobiography that has made Benvenuto famous; he began to write when he was fifty-eight; it has brought down all manner of opprobrious epithets upon his hard head. Rogue,

liar, braggart, bravo has this man been called who was jeweller, goldsmith, sculptor, musician, duellist, sportsman, man of pleasure, and the writer of a book that is one of the great autobiographies of the world.

It is Benvenuto the man who has lived, not Benvenuto the artist. Few of his works remain, and the best that can be said of him as an artist is that he was a cunning, capable and industrious craftsman. He rejected nothing in the way of ornament that his lively brain imagined: with him every part of a design had to be effective and ingenious, and he never doubted either in his art or in his life that he was right. The salt-cellar that he made for King Francis I., now at Vienna, is so overloaded with incidents as to be quite unbeautiful. In this small oval salt-cellar there is a huge nymph representing the land, a huge man representing the sea, an Ionic temple, fishes, waves, horses and other animals. No doubt it suited the taste of the day. "When I set the piece before King Francis," says Benvenuto, "he cried aloud with astonishment, and could not look at it long enough." We look at it now with curiosity, but certainly not with admiration. While he lived everybody was astonished at everything Benvenuto did, according to the autobiography, and if they were not astonished it was because they were jealous or his enemies. It was not a safe thing to be the enemy of a man who was always ready for this sort of thing: "Like a mad bull I rushed into their midst, knocked down four or five of them, and fell with them, but dealing dagger thrusts all the time, now here, now there." That was Benvenuto, and in trying to write about his art I find the man's personality continually rushing in. Benvenuto the craftsman is pushed aside by Benvenuto the bravo. But, in truth, the work by him that exists does not entice one to linger. The Nymph of Fontainebleau, now in the Louvre, with the stag's head and the medley of animals, leaves me very cold; but, says the confident Benvenuto, "hardly had the King set eyes on the model, when his spirits rose." It would have been better for the fame of Benvenuto had all his work perished; then our imaginations could have soared; then we could have echoed the shouts of pleasure; felt again the aesthetic joy that, according to himself, every work from his hand evoked from patrons and public. He was skilful, inventive, a master of all the ramifications of the goldsmiths' craft, a great worker, sure of eye and hand, confident; but a great artist—no! The button he made for Pope Clement's cope, the dies for his coinage, the chalice, all according to himself were wonderful. "Then having stamped a coin, I carried them all to the Pope one Sunday after dinner. When he saw them he was astounded." What a joy the writing of his autobiography must have been to this strong man. With what gusto he must have penned this phrase: "The other jewellers, turning to Gaio, said: 'Benvenuto is the glory of our art.'"

But the great day of Benvenuto's life was when his Perseus was uncovered in Florence, and there to-day you may see it in the Loggia de' Lanzi. It is accepted as a masterpiece, and the vigour of this dramatic bronze certainly arrests the attention; but here, as in Cellini's goldsmith's work, the abundance of detail disturbs the eye, which wanders from the head of Medusa to the worried helmet of Perseus, down the muscular details of his body to the chaos of the pedestal. And while the eye wanders the memory travels back, and again the man Benvenuto Cellini overshadows the artist. Listen to him: "Now, as it pleased my glorious Lord, the immortal God, I brought the thing [Perseus] at last to its end, and one Thursday morning I showed it openly to the whole city. No sooner had I removed the screen, though the sun was barely risen, than a great multitude of people gathered round—it would be impossible to say how many—and all with one voice strove who should laud it highest." The delighted people composed sonnets and pinned them near

by, and each night when it was covered up there were more sonnets pinned to the curtain, and Greek and Latin verses. And Duke Cosimo, lurking behind one of the palace windows, heard "every word that was said about the statue." That was Benvenuto's hour of triumph, but we do not pin sonnets against the Perseus now. We read the autobiography, and are delighted. The living man, lusty and gay and quite immoral, swaggers through the pages. He did everything with gusto—his religious fervours, his amours, his murders ("what I have done I did in defence of that body which God has given me"), and although his translators have groaned over his grammar and syntax, "heaven help the tenses, the conjunctions, the logical sequence," his pages have just that living, vivid quality that his art lacked. Arrogant, unashamed, convinced that he was always the best man in any company and pleasing in the sight of "my glorious Lord," he wrote just as he talked, and he wrote and talked as if he lived "in a deep and subtle obedience to the message really conveyed by the conditions created by God." The phrase is Mr. Chesterton's in the suggestive last chapter of his book on Browning, and into Browning's gallery of casuistical monologues Cellini might well have been admitted. It is hard to reconcile Cellini, the murderer, with Cellini of the visions and ecstasies in the dungeon of St. Angelo, but the explanation is simple. He had no conscience, no doubts, and no introspective moods. He was the natural man: he believed that he was an instrument put into the world to play his utmost, and when he was out of tune he cursed the other members of the orchestra and fought them. And he always did his best, whether it was making a button for the Pope, leading the artillery in the castle of St. Angelo, composing verses, killing the postmaster at Siena, casting his Perseus, or boasting.

No wonder that the man has persisted, that he still stalks across the Italy of the sixteenth century, and thrusts himself "insoiently laughing at apologies and defences" into the twentieth. Nugent translated him into English in 1771, Roscoe in 1823, and J. A. Symonds in 1888. For many years Symonds's translation, which is now in the fifth edition, has held the field, but the other day a new translation was published which should give this remarkable book a fresh lease of life. It forms the initial issue of Messrs. Dent's Temple Biographies; is in two volumes, handy in form, well printed, and the illustrations are clearer and larger than those contained in the Symonds edition. Miss Macdonell, who is responsible for the new translation and the introduction, has done her work with vigour, and with that quality of exuberance and plain, honest speaking, lacking which any translation of Cellini would be futile. It reads as if the man himself was talking. "I was clad in mail, with big boots; I had a gun in my hand, and God was raining down on us all the rain in heaven. Those devils of Germans—" Or the passage where he expressed his loathing for "that damnable playing on the flute," his playing, his flute that so fascinated his father; or that terrible time in prison, where he drew out his teeth "one after the other, like knives from their scabbards" (some call him a liar); or the account of that glorious morning when the Florentines pinned sonnets against his Perseus; or when "with my sword at my side I set off to St. Peter's, and kissed the dead Pope's feet, not without tears"; or even such a simple statement as this, with its flavour of braggadocio: "I was just nineteen years old then, and so was the century." He was born in 1500. The autobiography breaks off abruptly in 1562; he died in 1571, and was buried with public honours.

C. L. H.

Science.

Comets.

THE comet named after Borelli is still visible to the naked eye in the Great Bear, though its maximum apparent brightness is past. Without a lens no features to distinguish it from many other celestial objects can be discerned, but the aided eye may now detect (at the time of writing) three tails. Twenty comets or so, visible to the naked eye of a dweller upon the earth, appear in the course of a century; and when Borelli's has vanished we must wait for eight or nine years or so until the return of Halley's comet, last seen from our sphere in 1835.

The comet of Borelli is not, perhaps, a particularly interesting one in itself, but its present behaviour illustrates certain of the characters which such comets display as they approach the sun: in the matter of tails, for instance. Last week it was announced that a third tail had been discovered in America. Now this by no means implies that it had been missed by observers in this country, who showed their mettle in the case of the last comet that came our way. It was discovered at the Yerkes observatory, but Greenwich it was that so skilfully photographed it as to reveal the presence of no fewer than six tails—an appanage unprecedented in astronomers' experience. A comet develops its tail or tails only as it approaches the sun. To the ancients, of course, the tail, which is really an accidental and transient feature of a comet, was its essential characteristic, the name comet being obviously derived from the Greek *κομή* or hair. Mr. Kipling, in the "L'Envoi" to his "Seven Seas," has adopted the old idea in what is really a redundant phrase, "brushes of comets' hair." Now, if we take the case of a comet such as Halley's, with a long period of revolution like seventy-five years, and remember that it possesses a tail for only a few brief days or weeks in each such cycle, it is evident that the essential interest of a comet is not its tail, though that happens to be obtruded upon our notice by the fact that the comet always develops it when in our neighbourhood; in deference, however, not to us but to the sun.

As to the problem of the origin of the tail, the very latest developments in physics are coming to our aid. The question dates from Encke, who found that the comet known by his name was revolving in an ever shorter period round the sun—a shortening which remained anomalous though the gravitational influence of the earth and of such great masses as Jupiter was taken into account. He suggested the presence of a resistant medium around the sun which, at each return of the celestial vagrant, acted as a brake upon its flight. What this medium could be was entirely mysterious. Though resistant in degree, as compared with the pliant ether, it must be exceedingly tenuous; to a degree which almost excluded the operation of ordinary matter as we know it. "Some repellent action of the sun's rays" is a recent phrase, though how ethereal vibrations could exert a repellent action was not divulged. The discovery of electrons seems to be likely to solve the difficulty. Just as a grain of radium, which one might compare to a mimic sun, gives off electrons, so that greater radiant mass may emit myriads of these incredibly minute particles of ultimate matter, which retard the comet in its path, and which also cause its lighter constituents to float out behind it, thereby producing the tail. Need I say that, in dealing with a subject so inchoate as electrons, one is in the realm of hypothesis and speculation rather than ascertained fact? Let me add that comets tend to undergo disintegration: that "something had happened" to Halley's comet when it was last seen in 1835, so that it was much less remarkable than was expected, and that the most probable nature of meteors or shooting stars is that they are the falling ruins of a

comet's tail. This raises the further question of the chemical nature of comets. The spectroscope shows them to contain such elements as carbon and hydrogen: which also help to form you and me.

One more word as to Halley's comet, for whose re-coming astronomers will soon be all agog. It was the first which was found to return in a regular period. Halley, in 1682, observed it, and found its orbit identical with that of a bright comet which Kepler had seen in 1607. He recognized their identity, and the period of revolution. By continuing to subtract seventy-five years or so from 1682, 1607, and so forth, he found it had repeatedly been seen before: as in 1531, and 1456, when it caused so much consternation that prayers were officially offered throughout Christendom for protection against it. The comet is also delineated in the Bayeux Tapestry in commemoration of its visit in the year of the Norman Conquest, and there is historical record of its appearance eleven years before the beginning of the Christian era. It is expected next between the years 1910 and 1912.

In such comets also, then, is displayed the rhythm of the universe: when Halley's is leaving us next, we shall know, in Mrs. Meynell's words, "that what is just upon its flight of farewell is already on its long path of return." But there are comets that own allegiance to no star: whose mocking homage is paid first to one and then to another. Here is a simple phrase which has long haunted me, and which, as a middleman, I may offer to the poet who needs a theme. It is already cast in iambic form. Of comets that own no law of rhythm or recurrence, in whose bright lexicon there is no such word as "again," and whose light may enter living eyes upon the planets of one solar system after another—take this, as a text: "They go from Sun to Sun."

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

The "Memoirs of Grimaldi."

SIR,—In his interesting note on the re-issued "Memoirs of Grimaldi," "Bookworm" does not mention the point in the first issue which has particular interest for the bibliomaniac. The etching of "The Last Song" was at first published surrounded by a grotesque border representing Grimaldi's face in four extravagant contortions. This border was removed from the plate after the first issue of the first edition. Not long ago I was offered a copy of this issue containing the "Last Song" in the two states, i.e., with and without the border, for the modest sum of eight guineas!

I may add in this connection an amusing example of muddleheadedness on the part of an enthusiastic Cruikshankian which lately was brought to my notice. In his copy of the "Memoirs" he had pasted the following egregiously irrelevant note: "At the Beckford sale a copy of the famous Grimm—the Grimm with the illustrations printed in bronze-coloured ink—fetched £64." Surely as delightful an example of the unmethodical brain as could well be imagined. Grimm, of course, was short for Grimaldi. Ergo, the etchings to Grimaldi had once been printed in bronze-coloured ink and fetched £64. Picture the devoted collector spending the remainder of his poor futile existence in searching for the "excessively rare" state of the Grimaldi etchings which only had its existence in his vividly ignorant imagination!—Yours, &c.,

Bull's Cliff, Felixstowe.

G. S. LAYARD.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 202 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best set of verses in Praise of Rain. Thirty-four replies have been received. We award the prize to Mr. E. R. Macaulay, Ty-issa, Llanfarian, Cardiganshire, for the following:—

The wet earth-smell came to me where I stood,
The breath of rain, pungent and keen as wine,
Rich with the incense of the dark, drenched pine.
Sweet with the sweetness of the wet peat wood.
And something stirred and quickened in my blood.
Methought great deeds might spring to sudden birth,
Born of the rain, and the sweet breath of Earth—
Wine that Antaeus drank, and found most good.
Primeval wine! that wakes in us quick fires,
A vagrant yearning for the wander-life,
Laughter and longing, and young wide desires
For distance and great space and clash of strife.
Who drinks the keen earth-wine, he needs must call
Antaeus' mother, mother of us all.

Other replies follow:—

When we have gauged the manifest
Of the horizons East and West,
When we have measured with our sight
The North and South of our delight,
Heav'n drops the curtain of the rain
And shuts our vision in again.

Then round us draws the vaguely vast,
And we, whose eyes are holden fast
Within the limits of the clear,
See distances that daze the seer,
And through a mystery redeem
Th' illimitable space of dream.

Each opal thread, tongued like a bell,
In touching earth strikes miracle;
And should a rending sunbeam gild,
Seven-hued shines out the unfulfilled!

[M. D., London.]

O gracious veil of heaven-descending dew!
Come down, come down!
Parched lies the town,
The grass grows brown,
Come: and make all things fair and green and new!
O sibilant hiss soft-piercing thro' the night!
Hot earth leaps up,
Wild, mad to sup
The cloud-poured cup.
Arms reached of fragrant mist, up-steaming white!
O splashing cataract of the storm long-pent!
At last! At last!
Down-streaming fast,
Black drought is past,
Rain's benediction brings the land content!

[B. C. H., London.]

'Tis a fine, soft day, God bless it;
The weather's broke again.
But where would Ireland's meadows be
Without the Irish rain?
The flowers smell sweeter when they're wet,
The softest skies are grey,
And we mightn't love the sun so much
If we saw him every day.
The soft air tints each colleen's cheek,
The clouds her sweet grey eye,
And our purple hills lose half their charm
'Neath a blue and sunny sky.
While we've our girls, our grass, our hills,
In troth we'll not complain,
For we couldn't well be doing
Without the Irish rain.

[L. S., Dublin.]

A TRAMP'S PRAISE OF RAIN.

I like to walk the narrow lanes
Of rural England when it rains.
The furious wind's erratic swoop
Ne'er maketh me a moment droop
Nor driveth me away:
For we are friends, the rain and I—
The rain, the grey tumultuous sky.
I take my bath that day.
To feel it trickling down my neck;
To know I'm on the endless trek;
To hear it swish before the wind,
Is joy! The rain is very kind
Despite it being damp!
It slushes in each punctured boot,
And saturates my only suit,
When I am on the tramp.

[F. C. G., Scarborough.]

Open the window wide!
Give me an armchair and the old long pipe:
Bring that tobacco-box
Of lead with the squat gilded smuggler on it.
Then, feet on sill,
P'pe filled and lit and hot i' the hand,
I'll sit and listen to the scourging rain,
Laugh when a gust
Suddenly twists it in upon my legs,—
Stare at the folk
Shielding their fine clothes helplessly,
Hiding indignant in a sheltered door,
Or maybe with ungainly foot
Scattering homeward—watch the gutters fill
And seethe tumultuously in a muddy stream
Down to the next clear grating in the road.

[H. W. A., Bradford.]

Competition No. 203 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best original prose appreciation of Laughter. Replies not to exceed 250 words.

RULES.

Answers addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 12 August, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Bowles (Fred. G.), *Northern Lyrics*.....(Unicorn Press) net 2/6
Anonymous, *Essays in Buff*.....(Walter Scott Publishing Company) 2/6
Langbridge (Frederick), *Ballads and Legends*.....(Routledge)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Shaw (W. A.), edited by, *A Bibliography of the Historical Works of Dr. Creighton, Dr. Stubbs, Dr. Gardiner, and Lord Acton* (Offices of the Society)
S. (A.), *Side lights on the "Forty-Five"*.....(Edinburgh: Hay) net 1/0
David (T. W. Rhys), *Buddhist India. (The Story of the Nations Series.)* (Unwin) 5/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Wright (E. F.), *Plant Disease and its Relation to Animal Life* (Swan Sonnenschein) 3/6
A Semi-Darwinian: *Doubts about Darwinism*.....(Longmans) 3/6
Elbs (Dr. Karl), translated by R. S. Hutton, *Electrolytic Preparations* (Arnold)

EDUCATIONAL.

Mayor (Joseph B.), *A Handbook of Modern English Metre* (Cambridge University Press) 2/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ray (David T.), *Mineral Resources of the United States, 1901* (Washington: Government Printing Office)
Burchard (E. L.), edited by, *List and Catalogue of the Publications issued by the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, 1816-1902* (Washington: Government Printing Office)
Anonymous, *The Truth about an Author*.....(Constable) 5/6
Ward (H. W.), *The Book of the Peach*....(Walter Scott Publishing Company) 2/6
Holmes (C. J.), *Pictures and Picture Collecting*.....(Trotter) net 2/6

NEW EDITIONS.

Gilbey (Sir Walter), *Thoroughbred and Other Ponies*.....(Vinton)
Lloyd (Charles H.), edited by, *Church Hymns with Tunes*.....(S.P.C.K.)
Penny (Scott Moncreiff), edited by, *Murray's Handbooks: Scotland* (Stanford)
Stockton (Frank R.), *Mrs. Cliff's Yacht*.....(Cassell) 0/6
Boothby (Guy), *My Indian Queen*.....(Ward, Lock) 0/6
Forster (John), *The Life of Oliver Goldsmith*.....(Hutchinson) net 1/0
Edgeworth (Maria), *The Parent's Assistant*.....(Macmillan) net 2/0

PERIODICALS.

National Review, Sunday Magazine, Good Words, New Liberal Review, Reader, Lippincott's, Scribner's, Greyfriars, Monthly Review, Manchester Quarterly, Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, Westminster Review, United Service Magazine, Art Workers' Quarterly.

